She takes a sword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

Corn. Least it see more, preuent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luster now?

Glost. All darke and comfortles, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

Glost. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyelesse villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Seruant.* If she liue long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old Earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogish madnesse
Allowes it selfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter,

Who's

Who's here, my father po
But that thy strange muta
Life would not yeeld to a

Enter Gloster le

Old man. O my good L
fathers tenant this foures
Glost. Away, get thee a
Thy comforts can do me
Thee they may hurt.
Old man. Alacke sir, yo
Glost. I haue no way, an
I stumbled when I saw, f
Our meanes secure vs, and
Proone our commodities
The food of thy abused fa
Might I but liue to see the
Ide say I had eyes againe.
Old man. How now, wh
Edg. O Gods, who ist c
I am worse then ere I wa
Old man. Tis poore mad
Edg. And worse I may
As long as we can say, this
Old man. Fellow where
Glost. Is it a begger ma
Old man. Mad man, and
Glost. He has some reas
In the last nights storme I
Which made me thinke a
Came then into my mind
Was then scarse friends
As flyes are to'th wanton
They bit vs for their spor
Edg. How should this
foole to sorrow, angring
Glost. Is that the naked

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